

FIVE EXCELLENT NEW SONGS

- I. King William's crossing boyn-water.
- II. The New Lovers garland.
- III. The young Maid's Answer.
- IV. The Shepherd Adonis.
- V. A New Lover's Song.



EDINBURGH.
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at the head of the

King William's crossing Boyn-water.

JULY the first in old Bridge Town.
 There ought to be a pattern,
 As 'tis recorded in each church book,
 Throughout all the Nation,
 Let us all kneel down and pray,
 Now and ever after,
 Never to forget the day,
 That King William cross'd the water.



In old Bridge town strong guards were
 And more at the Boyn-water, (kept,
 King James began five days too soon,
 With drums and cannons ratling,
 He pitch'd his camp, and secur'd his
 Thinking not to retire, (ground,
 But King William threw his bumb balls in,
 And he set their tents on fire.

Then said King William to his men,
 Brave boys we are well armed,
 And If you all courageous be,
 We'll venture and take the water,
 The horse was ordered to march on first,
 And the foot did soon follow after,
 But brave Duke Schomberg lost his life,
 By venturing over the water.

But when King James did espy,

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The English cross the water,
He thought it better to retreat,
Than stand and to be slaughter'd.
Let us give our prayers night and day,
Now and forever after,
Let us never forget the day,
King William cross'd the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda,
Have reason to be thankful,
That they were not to bondage brought,
Although they were but a handful,
First to the Thosel they were brought,
And try'd at the Millmount after,
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing over the water.

The patren day proved too hot,
For King James and all his army;
He would rather to retreat,
Then for to stand, and be disarm'd,
We will give our paayers night and day,
Both now and ever after,
And let us never forget the day,
King James run from the Boyne-water.

The New Lovers G A R L A N D.

THE wakeing all the winter night,
And the tippling at the wine,

And the courting of a bonny Lads
Will break this heart of mine.

Brave sailing here my dear,
And better sailing there,
Brave sailing in my love's arms,
O! give I were there.

I had a bed of thyme
And it flourish'd night and day,
There came by a Squire's Son
That stole my heart away.
Brave sailing here, &c,

And up comes the gardener lad,
And he gave me profers free,
He gave to me the jully flowers.
To clothe my gay bodie.

The Gardener stood in his garden,
And the prim-rose in his hand,
And there he spi'd his own true love
As tight's a willy wand.

If he'll be a lover true, she said,
A lover true indeed,
And buy all the Flowers of my garden,
I'll shape to thee a weed.
Brave Sailing here, &c.

The Prim-rose shall be on thy head,
 And the red rose on thy breast,
 And the white-rose shall be for a smock,
 To cover thy body next,
 Brave Sailing here, &c,

Thy grove shall be of the jully flowers,
 Comes Lockren to thy hand,
 Thy stockings shall be of the thyme,
 Fair Maid it is a pleasant view.

Put on Fair Maid when ever you please,
 And your shoes shall be of the Rue.
 Brave Sailing here my Dear,
 And better Sailing there,
 And Brave Sailing in my loves arms,
 O ! if I were there.

The young Maid's Answer.

You shape to be, a young Man, she says,
 A weed amongst the Flowes,
 But I will shape to you, young Man,
 A weed amongst the Flowers.

The hail-stones shall be on thy head,
 And the Snow upon thy breast,
 And the east-wind shall be for a shirt,
 To cover thy body next.
 Brave Sailing there, &c.

Thy boots shall be of the stangle,
 That nothing can betide;
 Thy steed shall be of the wan-water,
 Loup on young Man and ride,

Brave Sailing there my dear,
 And better Sailing here,
 And 'tis brave Sailing 'twixt my love's
 O! if I were there. (arms,

The Shepherd Adonis.

THE Shepherd adonis,
 Being weary with sport,
 He for a retirement,
 To the woods did resort,
 He threw by his clud,
 And he laid himself down;
 He envy'd no Monarch,
 Nor wish'd for a crown.

He drank of the burn
 And he ate frae the tree,
 Himself he enjoy'd,
 And frae trouble was free,
 He wish'd for no Nymph,
 Tho' never sae fair;
 Had nae love or ambition.
 And therefore no care.

But as he lay thus
 In an Ev'ning so clear,
 A heavenly sweet voice
 Sounded soft in his Ear;
 Which came frae a shady,
 Green neighbouring Grove,
 Where bonny Amynta
 Sat singing of her love.

He wandring that way,
 And found who was there,
 He was quite confounded
 To see her sae fair,
 He stood like a statue,
 Not a foot cou'd he move,
 Nor knew he what griev'd him,
 But he fear'd it was love.

The Nymph she beheld him,
 With a kind modest grace,
 Seing something that pleased her
 Appear in his face.
 With blushing a little,
 She to him did say,
 Oh Shepherd! what want ye,
 How came you this way.

His spirit, reviving,
 He to her reply'd
 I was ne'er sae surprised

At the sight of a maid,
 Untill I beheld thee.
 From Love I was free;
 But now I'm ta'en captive,
 My fairest by thee.

A New Lover's Song.

YES I could love, if I could find
 A mistress fitted to my mind.
 Whom neither gold nor pride could move
 To change her vertue or her love:

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
 Loves for myself, and not for mine,
 Not city proud, nor nicè and coy,
 But full of love, and full of joy:

Not childish young, nor beldame old,
 Not fiery hot, nor ice cold,
 Not gravely wise to rule the estate,
 Not foolish to be pointed at:

Not worldly rich, nor basely poor,
 Nor chaste, nor a reputed whore:
 If such an one you can discover,
 Pray, Sir, intitle me her lover.

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